Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster:
That had befallen vs, as we pact along.
Vpon the giddie footing of the hatches,
Me thought that Glocester stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me (that thought to stay him) ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eies:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in scorne of eies reflecting gems,
Which woed the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?
Clar. Me thought I had, for still the enuious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To seeke the emptie vast and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agony.
Cla. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past me thought the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law renowmed Warwicke,
Who cried alowd what scourge for periury.
Can this darke monarchy affoord false Clarence,
And so he vanisht, then came wandring by,

A sha-

A shadow like an angell in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he squakt out alowd,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That stabd me in the field by Teuxbery:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thoughts a legion of foule fiends
Enuirond me about, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Bro. No marueile my Lo: though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenbury I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.
Bro. I will my Lo: God giue your Grace good rest,
Sorrowe breake seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night,
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toile,
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt their titles and lowe names,
Theres nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Execu. I would speake with Clarence, and I came hither
Bro. Yea, are you so briefe. (on my legs.
2 *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our commission, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltles of the meaning:
Here are the keies, there sits the Duke a sleepe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[4]) Octavo